II

THE INDIAN CAMPANILE

THE lovely Ktab, as all the world knows, is secondary in history to the plain iron pillar of the Pandus, which, erected to Vishnu, dates from the dawn of Delhi history, and was said to have its pedestal fixed in Hades, or on the head of the great world-serpent —at any rate, in regions behind the veil. When an impious Hotspur prince wished to prove the truth of this tradition, " blood gushed up from the earth's centre ; the pillar became loose" (dhilli), as did the fortunes of his house from such impiety. So that the very name of Delhi is a warning to all not to probe their illusions too deeply. The Pandus, or Pale Ones, were the grandchildren of that eastern Princess Ambalika, who, on pressure from the Queen-Mother, consented to a marriage with the great sage Vyasa in the hope that a worthy heir might be born to the royal house. The sage had become of so forbid- ding an appearance from his austerities, that he said if the princess could

forget his

 ugliness